

# Deicide

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Everyone reacts differently when faced with the knowledge of their own mortality. For one puff, it's not a matter facing her mortality...it's facing a lack thereof. Fourth of July Challenge Entry

Status: complete

Published: 2009-06-24

Words: 8719

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Angst/Drama - Characters: Blossom - Reviews: 7 - Favs: 16 - Follows: 6

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/5162433/1/Deicide>

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## Deicide

**Disclaimer:** I don't under any circumstances condone any of the actions taken in this story to deal with depression. If you or anyone you know has issues with suicidal thoughts, get help immediately.

**Author's Note:** This is going to be non-stop angst. If it seems overbearing and overdrawn, blame my lack of a beta-reader. If it seems depressing and horribly saddening, then my job is done.

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"Blossom, look out!"

"Huh?"

"Move! Get out of the way!"

"Oh no!"

I tried...forcing my body to obey, but, like a deer in headlights, I could only watch the orange ray close in. A wave of unimaginable pain washed over my body and the world went black.

The next thing I knew...it was business as usual.

*July 1st, 2012*

In the distance, I heard a faint, piercing beep. Slowly, lazily, I creaked my eyes open. I promptly sighed and closed them again, pulling the covers up over my head. The bed felt empty. Scrunching my eyes, I reached out, feeling around in front of me. Buttercup was no where to be found. I slowly opened one eye and sighed. I turned over and looked behind me, Bubbles was missing as well. I sat up and rubbed my head, staring down at the comforter.

The dream, was it a dream? No...no I'd reasoned that much. No dream could possibly feel so real. No dream could stop my heart the way that one had. After all, I was a Powerpuff Girl. Fear wasn't a subject I was particularly well-versed in these days. So no, it hadn't been a dream. The question then was, just what was it?

"Blossom! Hey you're awake! You better go take a shower, it's almost time for school!" I turned to my blonde-haired sister. Bubbles beamed back, floating in the doorway. I tried to smile; the end result could scarcely be called a smile, but it was enough to get her to leave. I sighed and looked down at the comforter again.

By the time I left bed, I felt heavy, disoriented. Everything felt off for no apparent reason. Drifting through my morning routine, quit literally, I snapped out of my silent contemplation floating in the searing hot shower.

The dream was having a bigger impact on me than I'd expected.

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As I floated down the stairs, the morning seemed to be flowing in slow motion. Buttercup and Bubbles were at the table, finishing their breakfast. I sat down, throwing them both a smile that could have passed for a frown. The Professor came over from the stove and gently rubbed my head.

"Good morning, Honey. How did you sleep?" I blinked and looked down at my breakfast: waffles, eggs, bacon, everything I loved. My stomach rolled over backward and clenched up. I gave him the same forced smile.

"Alright I guess, I had a strange dream," The Professor sat down at the opposite end of the table, not immediately returning to the newspaper.

"Oh? Is it something you'd like to talk about?" I rolled my eyes, looking away and sighing yet again.

"Dad...no it's alright, I don't even remember it," The Professor paused and gave me an unreadable look. I did a double-take, not used to seeing such mystery in my father. He smiled and nodded, picking up his paper and flipping it open.

"Alright, I'm sorry. Sometimes I forget that you're big, strong teenagers now," He chuckled and turned the page. Bubbles and Buttercup both laughed; I felt my throat tighten up. I looked down at my untouched meal, again feeling my stomach flop.

"Well it's almost time for school girls, you don't want to be late again," Bubbles and Buttercup jumped up, putting their plates in the sink and flying off to get their backpacks. I hopped out of my seat, choosing instead to walk to the trash and dump out my food before putting my plate with the others.

"Blossom, are you sure you're alright?" The concern was palpable in his voice. I just smiled and waved it off.

"Of course Dad, I'm fine," He smiled, a sad smile and nodded. I again felt my throat clench and my eyes tremble. I'm sorry Dad...I kept my apology to myself. There was no need to draw any more suspicion. I turned and started to walk out of the kitchen. I noticed the Professor's worried glance and quickly flashed a smile as I floated into the air.

"Blossom, I'm going to start getting things ready for Saturday tonight. Would you like to help me?" I blinked and turned to the Professor with the first real smile of the morning.

"Of course! I'll be home right after school to help!" The Professor chuckled and shook his head.

"No need to hurry, Sweetie, we'll work on it whenever you get in, alright?" I nodded and flew up the stairs to grab my backpack. Still I felt weighed down, and my smile quickly faded, gone completely by the time my sisters and I were en route for Townsville High School. Now on anti-superpower ground, we touched down and walked

inside, only hovering as necessary to tackle the issues created by our height. We arrived with just enough time to socialize before the first bell, which entailed going straight to our lockers and possibly catching up with Robyn before first period.

I walked up to my locker, stopping and looking up at it. For a moment, the relativity of the situation shook me to the bone. Reaching up, my hand could just reach the combination lock. I floated up slowly, until I was even with the rest of the normal students. I frowned as I put in the combination, opening the locker and staring up higher, at the book rack in the top. I needed to float up a bit higher, just to reach my English text. Hanging up my backpack, snatching my folder from within before zipping it shut, I shut the door and floated back to the ground, once more intimidated by the sheer size of the world around me.

"Hey Blossom, c'mon let's go find Bobbi," I blinked and turned to Buttercup's now retreating form. Bubbles was already ahead of her, giggling and carrying on. Talking about something that had happened in her science class the day before, I gathered. Swallowing hard, I clutched my books to my chest as I walked into the crowd. Zigging and zagging around legs, apologizing whenever someone ran into me.

When I finally reached the annex where Robyn was sitting with my sisters, I was struggling to keep from hyperventilating. I hopped up on the cushioned seat and took a deep breath, slowly letting it out. The others gave me a strange look.

"Are you alright Bloss? You look like you saw a ghost or something," Robyn said, giggling at the end, knowing that even a ghost wouldn't be enough to scare one of us. I got my breathing back under control and forced a shaky laugh.

"Sorry, it's the no powers thing," Buttercup and Bubbles nodded in understanding. Bubbles was on Robyn's other side, legs crossed and leaning forward on her elbows.

"Yeah, it's so hard to not use our powers. You'd think we'd be used to it by now, huh?" The rest of us nodded. Ever since we hit middle school, we'd been forbidden from using our powers on campus without a plausible reason. Even now, our junior year in high school, it was difficult to hold ourselves back.

"I hate that stupid rule," Buttercup muttered. I glanced over, rolling my eyes. She was floating in the air as she said that. Not that I blamed her, I could feel my breath quickening as I glanced around at the vastly bigger world surrounding us. Whereas the rest of Townsville had grown up over twelve years...we hadn't changed. Inside, maybe, but on the outside we were still tiny, bug-eyed, fingerless, big-headed freaks.

"You're breaking it right now," Robyn replied with a titter, just as the vice principal walked by. He and Buttercup traded a glance before she sighed and floated down. He nodded and went on his way to the office. Buttercup rolled her eyes and sat down against the seat. Bubbles and Robyn laughed, but I couldn't even bring myself to lie about it. The first bell rang and we said our goodbyes, heading off to our respective classes.

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The teacher was late. Why was I surprised? I'd nearly had a heart-attack trying to get to class on time and, like always, our English teacher, Mrs. Allison, was late. I sat in the front row, a habit I'd never really broken myself of, with my assignment in front of me. I was fidgeting, picking up my paper, proofreading it, giving up halfway through, rubbing my hands and adjusting my dress. I took in a sharp breath as the door opened and she finally arrived, laughing and apologizing like usual. I swallowed and looked over at her.

She was giving me a strange glance as she got her papers together. I realized that I must have been frowning and quickly forced on a smile. She smiled back, returning to marking the roll call sheet. My smile faded and I looked down at my paper. The words seemed like a jumbled mess. I rubbed my eyes and leaned against my mitt, trying to proofread my paper. I shifted to my other mitt, blinking and taking

deeper breaths. Every breath felt heavy and arduous. I sighed and rested my head on both mitts, staring at the desk. My head was pounding, my chest tight and my stomach sinking.

"...ssom?" I heard something that sounded like my name and glanced around. I noticed some of my classmates snickering and most of them staring. I looked back and saw a handful of papers being held out to me. I blushed and took them, putting my own on top of the pile and handed it to Mrs. Allison. I dropped my head again, hands in my lap as I stared at the desk. I could still feel their eyes on me.

Mrs. Allison was addressing the class, at least I assumed she was. I didn't bother looking up. I took slow, deep breaths, picking at my dress. I swallowed again, and glanced up. She was writing something on the board. I sighed, almost painfully, and took out my notebook, half-heartedly starting to take notes. I gave up on that almost as soon as I started. I held my pencil and stared at the paper, my lips shaking. I blinked and quickly rubbed my eyes, looking up with feigned interest.

"Our next paper should be an interesting one! I was up all night trying to think of something fun to do and this little diddy popped into my head! I hope you're as excited about it as I am!" Mrs. Allison moved aside, revealing the essay topic.

"If I Could Have Any Superpower"

I sighed and looked down at my paper. Mrs. Allison, misinterpreting my reaction, laughed and came closer to my desk.

"Don't worry Blossom, I'm sure you can think of something to do with this one," I nodded distantly. If I could have any superpower? I had practically every superpower imaginable. Heat vision, ice breath, flight, super speed, super strength, super intelligence, the ability to become water, the ability to become invisible, infrared vision, lightning blasts, energy blasts, sonic vocals, and

invincibility...invincibility. We were invincible. I was invincible. We were unbreakable. I was unbreakable. Unstoppable. Unbeatable...

" *Blossom, look out!*"

" *Huh?*"

" *Move! Get out of the way!*"

" *Oh no!*"

I clenched my eyes shut tightly, rubbing my stomach. It felt like my body was being torn apart. I clenched my eyes tighter, biting down hard to hold in the scream. White hot pain flashed through me. I felt, for just a moment, the world flicker and go out. I blinked and looked up.

*Invincibility.*

There was a list of powers on the board, ranging from super strength to flight. That was one of them, smack dab in the middle. I frowned and stared down at my desk. The twisted feeling my chest was tighter than ever. My stomach was raging, tumbling and squeezing frantically. I swallowed hard and wrapped my arms around my stomach. We were invincible...I was invincible. Just what did that mean? I shuddered, thankful that no one was noticing my subtle breakdown. Just what did that mean? What did it mean...to live forever?

---

I sat in the bathroom when lunch finally arrived, locked in one of the stalls, leaning over on my arms and staring at my feet, dangling inches off the ground. In twelve years we'd not so much as grown an inch. We'd not so much as changed in the slightest. Was this how we were going to be the rest of our lives? How long was the rest of our lives?

I remembered, somewhere in the back of my mind, somewhere I had found in my sleep, when I'd taken the full brunt of a laser. Not just any laser, no it wasn't any other laser. Mojo had used the same laser to destroy an asteroid twice the size of Earth's moon. The laser was more than capable of taking out the entire planet. I'd taken the full brunt of it, at full power. I remembered impossible pain. The pain of dying? No, something worse, something far, far worse.

I clenched my eyes shut, holding my head tighter. I'd felt the pain of a dying planet, and walked away without a physical scratch. How had I forgotten? How had any of us forgotten that? Every laser, missile, weapon...every bloody and vicious attempt on our lives, none had ever succeeded. Was it even possible? The closest anyone had come...how close could someone possibly have come if we walked away from every fight with nary a scratch? Looking at the evidence, we couldn't be killed.

And we hadn't grown in the least. We were frozen in time, our minds developing but our bodies frozen at five years old. Frozen at five years old and completely immortal.

### *Immortal*

I shuddered violently just thinking about that word. A word applied to gods and goddesses. A word applied to supernatural monsters. A word applied to the greatest creatures every imagined. To me...it seemed more like a prison sentence. One from which there could never be an escape. What exactly did immortality entail? Never dying? Never aging? Maybe...maybe on paper those things looked great. No one wants to die...right?

"At least...not at first..." I'd seen so many people, elderly and crippled, who welcomed death. They'd seen enough of the world, they were done hurting, they were ready to finally know peace. I swallowed hard, feeling tears brimming at the corners of my eyes. No, no one really wanted to die...but who really wants to live forever?

I could hear a bell ringing, whether it rang for me or not—I thought morbidly—was another question. I continued to sit where I was, unmoving, on the verge of tears but never letting go. I sighed shakily and curled up, wanting to hold back the horrible feeling. A horrible sense of knowing...knowing that it would never be over.

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The day moved by like sludge, every action was a painful act in lying. I forced every smile, but I could feel that, by the end of the day, no one believed them. Bubbles stopped me twice and asked me what was wrong. Both times, I just turned away and hurried to class. I couldn't talk to her, I wouldn't know what to say.

They didn't know, how could they? They had no reason to care. I had no reason to care...at least not yet. But that dream...that memory. I should have died. For every logical reasoning, I shouldn't be alive today. But I am...

"Blossom, what's wrong? You've been moping all day," I glanced at Buttercup as we walked to the doors. I shook my head and forced another pathetic smile. Mike was waiting at the door. He smiled nervously and knelt down as we got close.

"Hey girls,"

"Hi Mike!" Bubbles chirped back, the three of us stopping next to him. It was amazing, when we were kids, we were taller than him. Now, he was a giant by comparison—even at a scrawny five feet six inches. Mike scratched his head and looked around, taking a deep breath.

"Hey so um...you guys are doing that Fourth of July party still right?" Bubbles nodded, and Buttercup grinned.

"Yeah! It's gonna be the best one yet! Dad's really excited about it," Mike laughed and nodded. He suddenly blushed and swallowed, looking down.

"Um...is Robyn coming over?" Bubbles and Buttercup traded a glance. I lowered my head, just offering a half-nod. Mike swallowed again, looking more nervous, "Um...do you know if she's going to bring anyone? You know like...you know?" Bubbles blushed and giggled girlishly while Buttercup laughed and patted Mike on the shoulder.

"Go for her big guy! She hasn't told us about anyone else!" Mike grinned and stood up, the four of us exiting.

"Do you think she'll say yes?" He seemed more nervous than usual, impressive, even for Mike. I tuned out the conversation, my mind slipping back to my revelation. I swallowed hard, looking up at Mike, who had turned red as a tomato when Robyn joined us. I looked at them, watching Buttercup and Bubbles nudge Mike, trying to get him to ask right away. My lips trembled and I looked down.

"R-Robyn uh...uh...well um...you...w-wanna...um...you know...you're going to the girls' p-place for the F-Fourth...right?"

"Yeah, why...M-Mike?"

"Uh we-well..uh..you...wanna...go...together? Not like a date but! Um...unless...you wanted it to...uh..."

"...Uh...s-sure! Sure th-that sounds gr-great!" I heard Bubbles squeal and winced. I glanced over, seeing the two now blushing fiercely as they walked side by side. Somehow, the thought of them being together made me feel even more...distant and alone. Mike and Robyn, our best friends...we were going to outlive them. We were going to have to watch them die some day...

"Hey let's go..." I sighed and wiped my eyes, looking at the others.

"H-Hey guys," I was scared by just how timid and fragile my voice sounded. The others looked at me, four pairs of worried eyes. I smiled again, pitiful thing it was, and sighed. "I...I'm...I'm just gonna go home...sorry...got a lot of homework...so...yeah..." I didn't wait for

a response, I just clenched my eyes shut and took off into the air before any of them...mostly Bubbles...could object.

My flight was a lethargic, lazy endeavor. I took in everything as I flew by. The people who waved at me, the trees in the distance, the skyscrapers, everything. My heart sank deeper and deeper as I realized that I would outlive every last bit of it. When the sun refused to rise, if the moon ever stopped shining, I'd still be around. I'd still be left behind, alone. Maybe not alone...my sisters, they were going to suffer the same fate.

I landed just outside my house, turning and watching the neighbors stroll down the sidewalk with their newborn baby. They smiled and waved at me. I gave the best smile I could and tried to look happy as I waved back. I just stared at the baby. Seeing his sleeping little face, his tiny hands clutching his blanket. My chest clenched up and I had to turn and cover my mouth. A few tears managed to break through.

I was going to outlive him. That newborn baby was going to grow up, fall in love, get his heartbroken, get married, have kids, and die. And I'd still be around when his children had children, and those children had children. I violently shook my head and floated up, entering the house through one of the giant bedroom windows. I tried to occupy the time, but it felt so sluggish and miserable that I couldn't even remember what I'd accomplished. Sighing I threw myself down on the bed, face down. I tried holding my breath. After maybe half an hour or longer I just started breathing again out of habit. I closed my eyes and tried falling asleep.

Sleep was hard to find...so many questions, so many possibilities, so many...many things I knew I was going to lose. So many people I'd have to watch die...So many...so many...

---

I stared out over the cold, barren wasteland that had been left behind. I tried to scream, but I couldn't find my voice. Tears fell uncontrollably down my face.

Every which way I turned, I saw emptiness.

The entire world was completely empty.

I was the only one left.

"Hello?!"

No reply

"Hello?! Someone?!"

No reply

"Someone!? Anyone!!"

Still no reply

I fell to the ground, my eyes wide as tears streamed down my face. I was alone, and I was going to be alone until the day I died...a day that was never going to come.

*July 2nd, 2012*

The alarm pierced through my dream. I didn't even try to open my eyes.

Why bother?

What was the point anymore?

I pulled the comforter higher, over my head. There was movement on either side of me. Bubbles spoke in a hushed tone. Buttercup didn't even bother.

"Blossom wake up, time for school," She said harshly. I felt her nudge me, shaking me when that did nothing.

"Blossom? Are you okay?" There was pressure on the bed next to me and a gentle hand rubbed my arm. Buttercup huffed and got off the bed. I didn't hear her after that. "Blossom? Do you feel sick?" She pulled back the blankets. I winced slightly in the light.

"Blossom?" I just curled up more, turning my face toward the pillow. She gave a sigh before disappearing.

Bubbles was gone.

Buttercup had gone.

I was alone. The light went out; Bubbles must have turned it off.

"Blossom? Honey, what's wrong?" The Professor sat on the bed behind me, gently putting a hand on my side. I took a deep, shaky breath and let it out. "Do you feel sick?" I didn't want to lie, but at the same time, I couldn't face school...I couldn't face Townsville...couldn't face anything like this. I nodded slightly, barely moving my head at all. The Professor sighed and leaned over, kissing my cheek.

"Alright...stay in bed and I'll make sure the school knows," The Professor got up and left, gently closing the door behind him. I curled up tighter, pulling down my pillow and hugging it. Burying my face in the side, I struggled to hold back tears.

He was gone.

I was alone. The door creaked open and a bit more light came into the room. They were whispering.

"What's wrong with her?"

"I don't know...I hope she feels better,"

"Maybe she's faking,"

"...Blossom? Our sister?"

"Uh...yeah guess that was a stupid thought," I zoned out, hugging the pillow tighter, pursing my lips as tightly as I could. I wanted to cry. I wanted to cry hard, and never stop. But I couldn't, not with them here. The whispered lasted up until they left, gently shutting the door behind them.

So I was alone again...

*Why did this have to happen? Is it some kind of sick joke? Maybe immortality would have its perks. No crime to dangerous, no job to perilous...never having to worry about making it home. But...what about when home was gone?*

"Blossom, I just wanted to take your temperature...Blossom?"

"I'm fine..." The Professor took in a sharp breath.

"...Alright...alright, Sweetie, I'll be in the lab if you need anything," I clutched the pillow tighter, pressing my face into it. Finally I heard his soft footsteps leaving, the door shutting again. I swallowed the giant lump in my throat and gasped, fighting so hard to hold it all in. The Professor...he...he wouldn't be there in the lab if I needed anything. Maybe for a little while. But what about a thousand years from now? What about ten thousand years from now? Where would he be then? Someday, he'd be gone. I'd still be here.

I'd be alone.

But who was I kidding?

I was already alone...

*Bubbles...Buttercup...they don't know...but someday...someday they're going to find out...oh God, I can't...I couldn't face them. Where's the thrill? The zest in life? Suspense and tragedy...all built on the notion that today could be the end...but it wouldn't be the end, would it? It wouldn't ever be the end.*

*I'd be here...alone...forever...*

I tried holding on, tried telling myself I was overreacting. No matter how many logical and mature points I threw at myself, it wasn't too long before I gave up and began bawling. I hugged my wet pillow tightly, screaming into it. In the back of my mind, I prayed the Professor wouldn't come in. The last thing I needed was to try to explain what was wrong. I couldn't tell him, I couldn't bear having that conversation. So I cried harder and harder. And I screamed louder and louder. And I clutched my pillow tighter and tighter.

*The greatest evil genius on the planet couldn't kill us. Monstrous abominations couldn't destroy us. Nigh invulnerable alien lifeforms couldn't stop us. Even the devil himself couldn't wipe us out. Nothing could harm us in the long run. Nothing could faze us. Nothing could kill us. Nothing had ever come close...nothing...nothing except one...one time...*

I hiccuped and pulled away from my pillow, gasping for air and fighting to recompose myself. One time, there had been one time, one time that we had almost bitten it. The one and only thing that had been too much for us. The only enemy that had nearly claimed our practically everlasting lives.

"Th...the boys...the boys I gotta..." I sat up, throwing my damp hair away from my face. Panting, hurting worse than I could remember, I climbed out of bed and quickly dressed. I started for the door, but my heart froze. What if the Professor saw me? I couldn't bear to be seen like this...so pathetic and weak...so broken.

I bit my mitt and looked around, spotting the clock. School was just about out. I probably had a good thirty minutes before Bubbles and Buttercup would be home. I needed to find them, they were the only ones who could help me. The boys were the only ones who could help me now. Terrified to step out into the real world, I slid the window open. Taking a deep, painful breath, I flew out into the sky.

---

I landed shakily on top of the warehouse. I grabbed onto a nearby smokestack, quickly catching my breath. I looked around. The city felt obscenely giant, and I felt so painfully small. Swallowing hard, I went to the door, pulling it open easily and walking inside. It slammed behind me with a resounded SLAM, actually making me jump and scream. My hands flew to my mouth, my eyes watered. I struggled to hold onto myself.

"They've gotta be here..just gotta find them...they can help..." I walked down the stairs, hands still over my mouth, looking left and right for the boys. I could hear voices in the distance.

"I'm tellin' ya! It's the crime of the century!"

"Duh...I'm not sure boss...isn't it uh...borin?" I almost smiled when I heard the resounding slap.

"No it ain't borin'! This'll be the crime they remember us for!"

"Yeah! Remember us!" I took a deep breath and let it out as I rounded the corner. They were standing by a paper that had an ad for a sale on apples or something. I rolled my eyes and shook my head. The boys looked up, slithering back and swallowing hard.

"Duh! It's Blossom!" Bossman slapped Slim, and glared.

"We know that stupid!" Junior looked up at Slim, a near perfect match of Bossman's glare on his face.

"Yeah stupid!" I sighed and sat down at the table.

"Hey boys..." The Amoeba Boys traded a look and quickly approached me. Bossman put his hand on my arm, worry in his voice.

"Blossom? What's wrong? You...you ain't here to bust us are ya?!" His excitement almost made me smile. I shook my head, rubbing my eyes. All three gave a miserable groan.

"Sorry guys...I just...I needed your help..." I turned to look at them, a trio of blank stares my response. I sighed and held my stomach.  
"Please guys?" The Amoeba Boys traded a look then shrugged.

"Duh...okay..." Slim flinched when Bossman glared at him.

"Yeah sure, what do you need, Blossom?" I glanced away, unsure of how exactly to ask. My lips quivered. I bit down to get it under control again.

"I um..."

"Yeah?" Junior asked, sliding closer.

"What is it?" Slim asked, leaning in.

"Whatcha want?" Bossman inquired, slithering in. I suddenly felt claustrophobic. I whimpered and swallowed hard.

"B-Back...b-back up...pl-please...guys..." The boys traded a look and backed up, staring back blankly. "Guys I...I need...need you to...to get sick..." The boys jaws dropped. I felt my cheeks getting hot. My chest got tighter.

"You duh...um...what?"

"I want you to get sick again...so you can make me sick," Slim and Junior looked at Bossman, whose expression was incredulous at best. I licked my lips and dropped my head. "Please guys...you're the only ones who can help me..."

"Uh...w-why do you wanna get sick?"

"Y-yeah," I shook my head.

What was I really after?

I looked up and without thinking blew a blast of frigid air at the Amoeba Boys. I jumped to my feet and kept blowing sheet after

sheet of frigid air on them, until they were completely frozen. I took a swing, shattering the ice. The boys fell to the ground, shuddering and shivering, gasping for air. I knelt down next to them, taking deeper breaths. But not one of them started coughing.

I knew better. As intelligent as I was, I knew better than to think they'd magically get sick. To think they'd instantly develop a pufficidal virus. That didn't stop me from crying, nor did it stop the horrible guilt that was suddenly pushing down on me.

"I'm so sorry!" I practically screamed before flying into the air, smashing through the warehouse and taking off flying through the city at full speed.

What did I want?

I didn't want to live forever...

I didn't want to be alone...

What was it I really wanted now?

" *Hello?!"*

*No reply*

" *Hello?! Someone?!"*

*No reply*

" *Someone!? Anyone!!"*

*Still no reply*

"No!" I screamed, hovering in mid-air, recalling my nightmare. I wouldn't let that happen. I wouldn't be left behind. I wouldn't...I couldn't...I had to...had to find some way out. There had to be some way out. Someway...some way...

---

Somehow...I returned before Bubbles and Buttercup. I skipped supper, I refused to converse with either of my sisters, I didn't say another word to the Professor. I stayed in bed, trying to sleep, trying to find some way out of this prison sentence. There had to be a way... a way to escape the fate of living forever.

No enemy could kill me.

No natural causes could kill me...

---

Maybe I could kill me?

---

Orange chemical splattered the floor.

Broken knives and dented forks were strewn about.

Bottles lay everywhere, with pills of every shape and color.

"I...it...I'm...bleeding"

I fell to my knees, watching the rivers of red run down my arms.

I stared, wide-eyed, bewildered.

My vision began to blur, and the world began to go black.

Slowly, a smile crept across my face.

Peace at last...oh peace at last.

"Blossom!"

*July 3rd, 2012*

I clenched up, quickly grabbing my wrist. Panting, I opened one eye and looked around. Everything was dark. My breath quickened, sweat broke out on my brow. I sighed and looked down. My arms

were as flawless as ever. No cuts, no blood, no damage of any sort. I bit my lip and lowered my head into my arms.

"I have to do something...I can't take this...who? Who really wants to live forever?" My voice was cracking. I looked around. I was alone, Bubbles and Buttercup were already gone. I clenched my eyes shut and listened as hard as I could. The house was empty, not even the sound of rodents or vermin infesting the walls. I took a shallow breath and climbed out of bed, stumbling to the bathroom. I stared at my reflection in the mirror.

There were dark bags under my eyes. My hair was a juttred mess, my skin covered in a thick sheen of sweat. I was breathing heavy, heavier than even in the heart of battle. The worst though...the worst was the expression on my face. A look of utter horror...complete defeat.

"I can't...I can't do this...Bubbles and Buttercup...Dad..."  
Mike...Robyn...all of my friends. How could I be so selfish? But how could they possibly understand? Bubbles and Buttercup, they were too immature. They wouldn't understand even if I tried to tell them. And no mortal could ever comprehend the nightmare of living forever. Visions of a war torn, barren wasteland pierced my mind. I whimpered and wrapped my arms around myself.

"I can't do it...I can't...I have to..." I couldn't stay here, I couldn't let that vision become real. It was selfish, it was horrible, it was wrong...but God I didn't have any other choice. If I didn't do it now, I'd lose my resolve, a resolve I barely had even now. I closed my eyes, holding my head and leaning over the sink.

I couldn't do this

*I had to do this*

There had to be another way

*There was no other way*

I can't kill myself

*I'm the only one who can*

I hiccuped, suddenly realizing that I had begun crying. I tried, fought as hard as I could to get control of my feelings, but the levies had broken. I slid to my knees, leaning against the sink, screaming and sobbing hysterically. I screamed until my throat felt sore. I cried until my lungs hurt. Over and over again, the same brutal and painful image pounding in my head.

Alone

*You've always been alone*

Alone forever

*You'll always be alone*

Pain, the pain of battles that will never stop

*The hurt of seeing everyone die*

I tensed up, biting down on my lip until it bled. More tears came, more screams built up in my throat. I slammed my head against the sink, over and over. Over and over again until it was smashed and the wood was splintered.

I bit through my lip and screamed again, smashing my head against the floor, over and over. Over and over again until there was a hole in the floor. I fell backward and curled up, screaming and crying even harder. I saw the bathtub, and crawled to my knees, using the tub as leverage to get to my feet. I looked around the room, frantically searching.

I flew up onto the sink, opening the mirror cabinet. Three shelves, lined with all kinds of useless medications. We'd never used any of it. I grabbed the nearest bottle, tearing off the childproof cap and downing the contents recklessly. I coughed, choking on the mouthful,

and threw the bottle aside, grabbing the next and doing the same. Every bottle I downed as much of the contents as I could, hurtling the rest across the bathroom. I drank an entire bottle of sleep aid, a bottle of cough medicine, everything I could find.

*Not even a buzz*

My head didn't feel hazy, my heart didn't seem to be slowing

*No effect*

There was no effect at all

"Ugh!" I stumbled out of the bathroom we shared, flying to the one the Professor used. I tore through his medicine cabinet, taking everything I could find. Aftershave, cologne, everything. I tore the cabinet off the wall, screaming in a hazy fury. I stared, eyes wide open, at the floor.

No effect

*Not even a tingle*

All of the medicine was doing nothing to me

*Pointless, helpless, useless*

"Why?! Why won't anything work!? Why?! Why?! Why?!" I flew through the door, in a dizzy pattern downstairs and into the kitchen. I opened the silverware drawer, immediately trying the most cliché method of taking my own life. Even the biggest, sharpest butcher knife failed to pierce my invincible skin. I grit my teeth, so hard it hurt, and through the drawer across the kitchen.

I stumbled back, hitting the table. My breaths came in short raspy bursts, my head was spinning. My heart was pounding. I felt afraid, terrified in a way I couldn't possibly describe. There were thunderclouds looming over the city. If nothing else, maybe mother

nature could finish me off? I shot through the ceiling, flying out into the frigid downpour.

A thunderstorm on the eve of the Fourth of July. I wasn't complaining. I didn't have any plans to watch fireworks, celebrate independence, or enjoy myself. There was nothing to enjoy. Just a pitiful existence spent watching as the world around me dried up and died. As the ice cold rain poured down on me, I felt blood running off my face. I brought my hands to my mouth. My lip had already healed.

"No! That's not fair!" The only damage I'd managed to do to myself and it was gone, completely gone. I flew away, trying to get as far from the house as I could manage. I landed in a dark alley on the far side of town. Even barefoot and in a nightie I couldn't feel the cold around me. My body was already adjusting, my ultra-super powers taking measures to ensure I'd remain undamaged. I curled up, screaming and crying into my arms. Maybe I could scream myself to death?

"This isn't fair, this isn't fair! I don't...I don't deserve this! I've never done anything wrong! I've always been good! I don't deserve this kind of punishment!" Why would a just and loving God do this to me? What crime had I committed that warranted a punishment worse than Hell itself?!

*Poor little girl...all alone in the world...hehehe*

"No...no not you...no please go away..." I heard that despicable giggle once again and looked up, watching as the black sky turned red and a strangely proportioned mist began to flow out of the abyss. Then he appeared. That grinning psychopath, hell bent on tormenting me every moment of my everlasting life. I felt rage bubbling in my heart.

"Oh poor little Blossom, seems you've come into very haunting knowledge, hm?" I screwed my eyes shut, holding my head and clenching my teeth.

"Get away from me...get the hell away from me," I heard a gasp and looked up to see him mockingly backing off, a pseudo-shocked look on his face.

"Oh my! You must mean business!" He leaned forward, sneering, "I've never heard you use such language before," I snarled and managed to climb to my feet. He was gone.

"Blossom, Blossom, Blossom...I can't believe you. You're simply not being creative enough," I turned and swung, smashing the dumpster behind me. I felt his burning breath on my shoulder and panting, I swung around at him again. Him cackled madly and floated over me.

"This is so much fun! Seeing you so pitiful and miserable! And all because...because oh! Hahaha!" He burst into hysterics again, holding his stomach and pointing at me. I felt a few more tears slip by.

"Shut up! I won't...I won't...you can't..." Him grinned and leaned forward.

"I can't what? Kill you? No, well that seems to be the problem, now doesn't it?" I swallowed hard, choking back a sob. Him's eyes narrowed into dangerous slits. "Why yes...you can't die, you'll never die, you'll be here forever, and ever, and ever, and ever," He continued to repeat himself. Every "And ever" grew higher pitches louder, coming faster and faster until it was a whistling scream. I covered my ears and fell back against the building behind me, sobbing again.

"Shut up! Just shut up!" Him stopped, now inches away from my face, grinning.

"Isn't it...funny? In a cosmic sort of way?" I looked up at him. My face was burning hot, I was on the verge of throwing up.

"W...no...what do you mean?" Him's grin became less mocking and more wicked. Something vastly more evil.

"Why...your situation...you'll live forever. Until the end of time...and then you'll keep living, even after the end of time...do you see where I'm getting?" I looked down, my eyes slowly widening. I looked up at him. He leered back, a victorious look splayed across his face.  
"Yes...you're getting it now..."

"I'll...you'll...you're going to..." Him snickered and nodded, floating around beside me. He whispered in my air. His words tore apart what was left of my fragile psyche.

"You're going to outlive me...my death has been foretold...I just have to wait until that day...but your death...that's a day that never comes," My eyes got even wider, my breaths got slower and deeper until I wasn't even breathing anymore. I felt him vanish, a soft chuckle in my ear as he left.

I stared blankly through the pouring rain. My body was frozen, but I knew it had nothing to do with the precipitation. Him's parting words stung worse than anything I'd considered. I was going to outlive the Devil himself. Even after the Apocalypse itself, I would still be here. I dropped my head, trying to find the strength to breathe again.

"Well...what have we got here?" I couldn't believe it. Even Him...even he had an ending to look forward to. Even the ultimate evil was going to get to rest some day, even if that day was the very last day. I shuddered at how grossly...grossly cruel that was.

"Hey! I'm talking to you!" How could God do that to me?! How could he take back that...that MONSTER! I was a hero! I had devoted my life to saving people! How DARE he choose that blasphemous demon!

"Look at me!" I snapped out of my dark thoughts, a fist crashing into my face. I winced and pulled myself out of the smashed hole in the building and looked up, able to breathe once more. I snarled, narrowing my eyes. He stood there, leering at me with a condescending grin. The ignorant punk...he thought he had the jump

on me. I wasn't in the mood *you're going to die* and I wasn't going to take his crap now.

"Brick...get lost...just leave me...leave me alone..." He laughed and walked up to me. He hadn't changed either. Still just a hair shorter than me. I got to my feet, clenching my fists. He promptly shoved me down.

"Or what? Whatcha gonna do about it, bitch?" It was like a high tension wire snapping. My world faded in a sea of red. I leaped to my feet and slammed my fist into his face. Brick fell to the ground, and started to rub his cheek.

"Nice sucker pu-" I was on him before he could finish, throwing punch after angry punch. Tears came again, white-hot, angry tears streaming down my face. I began to scream, hitting him harder and harder, punching him over and over again. Every blow I screamed, every drop of blood spilled from his face brought more tears. I wasn't even sure if he was fighting back, I just felt him crumbling and breaking under my assault.

I grabbed him by the neck and began to slam his head against the ground. Over and over and over, until blood splattered the entire alley. I held him down, punching him repeatedly with my free hand. More and more punches fell, more and more blood was spilled. I finally woke up, staring at my bloody hands and his unmoving body. My mouth fell open.

"Brick...Brick no...no open your eyes!"

*I couldn't find his eyes in the mess that was left of his face*

"Brick no...breathe! Please God, breathe!"

*He didn't have a mouth or a nose to breathe through*

"No! No! You can't be dead! You can't! Get up! Get up you monster!"

*He wasn't moving. He was never going to move again.*

"God no! No this isn't fair! No that's not right! Why!? Why do you get to die?! Why?! This isn't fair! How could you!?! " I climbed to my feet, staring unblinking at the stormy sky. I closed my eyes and began screaming.

"How could you!? How could you take him!? Why did you take him!? What did he do to earn this?! How dare you! How DARE you! I'm a good girl! I'm a good person! I'm a hero! How dare you take him!? How dare you love him more than me!!" I broke down sobbing as I flew into the sky. Lightning blasted around me, a stray bolt even slammed into me. Unaffected, I flew faster and faster through the city.

I flew back into the house, soaking the carpet. The house was dark and empty, they were gone, but where?! They were gone...they were gone and I was alone. I was whimpering, sobbing and hiccuping as I raced to the door to the lab. The lab, that was the answer. That's where I was created...surely that was where I could be destroyed.

I practically fell down the steps, but even tripping and smashing into a cabinet failed to slow my frantic pace. I shoved over the cabinet, spilling chemicals all over the floor. There it was, the bottle I was looking for.

*Antidote X*

*The cure for our powers*

*The cure for my curse*

*The only way*

I grabbed the bottle and tore out the cap, downing a mouthful of the horrible stuff. It tasted like a bitter poison, my entire body screamed as it went down my throat. I gasped and dumped the bottle all over me. Mojo had stolen our powers with it, this was the answer. It was

the only way, it was the answer to everything. My head spun wildly. The bottle slid out of my hand, shattering on the floor. I tumbled to my knees, feeling the godliness fleeing my body.

"I...it..." I looked around, ignoring the orange chemical splattered all over the floor. I grabbed the nearest shard of glass I could find and jammed it into my wrist. The skin split easily and effortlessly, pain shot its way up my arm. I grit my teeth and slashed all the way through, repeating the process on the other arm. Panting, I continued viciously slashing at my arms, over and over again, the glass slit my once perfect skin. My once invincible skin. I gasped, shock shooting through me. The glass clattered to the floor. I stared at the rivers of red pouring down my arms.

"...I'm bleeding..." A smile slowly spread across my lips, as the world began to go black.

*Peace at last...*

*Oh...peace at last...*

"Blossom!"

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*July 4th, 2012*

"Daddy! It's almost time! Hurry up!" I chuckled as Bubbles hurried over to where her sisters were sitting. Buttercup gave a loud wolf whistle as Mike sat down next to Robyn. The new couple turned a uniform shade of cherry red. I looked a bit closer and noticed her gently taking his hand. They looked at each other and smiled, turning toward the skyline where the action would be taking place. Blossom giggled and reprimanded Buttercup for teasing their friends. Every year it was the same thing. They were as giddy as if they were still just five years old.

"Yeah Dad! Come sit next to me! There's only two minutes left!"

"Alright! Alright! I'm coming!" Laughing, I brought over the last plate of food, setting it on the picnic table we'd situated on the roof. The same food we had every year, popcorn, hotdogs, chips, a vegetable and fruit platter, hamburgers and all manner of sodas. I sat down next to Blossom, giving her a comforting squeeze. She grinned up at me and dug into the nearest hotdog. Buttercup was already wolfing down the chips while Bubbles ate from the bowl of baby carrots. Mike snatched a bowl of popcorn for him and Robyn to share.

"So what do you think he's doing this year?" I asked, a knowing smile on my face. My protege and I spoke more often than he did to any of them. I suspected I knew more than they.

"I heard it was going to be the biggest and best ever! He was being so secretive at school!" Bubbles squealed, as giddy as ever. The clock hit nine and quickly Blossom began hushing her sisters, just like every year. We all stared up at the sky, as a wave of fireworks began to go off, in rapid, complex patterns that only a boy genius could conceive of. I heard several gasps. Dexter never ceased to amaze us, just like every year. I looked down at Blossom, who looked up at me, her eyes shining.

"Wow Dad! Dexter's really outdone himself! This is amazing!" She whispered. I smiled and nodded, putting my arm around her.

"I agree...it is amazing," We shared a smile. Hers bright, enthusiastic and as full of life as ever. Mine faltered for just a moment, and didn't dare reach my eyes. She didn't remember a thing. She was herself again, right on schedule.

Yes...every year it was the same thing.

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**A/N: Thanks Alicorn for the discussion! I really appreciated it. This just another disclaimer. I apologize for the outrageous characterization in this story, the lack of clarification regarding Him's manipulation of the situation, neglecting to mention possible bipolar disorder on Blossom's part, and apologize for**

**writing angst just for the sake of angst. I promise my next piece will be of higher quality.**

**-Kev**